



Scattered about by **FINCH MASON** & Collected by
MESS^{rs} FORES The Publishers of 41 Piccadilly London 1887



Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS



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Having got rid of her jockey - and all but settled a Bobby



She jumps the rails



Arrived at the post; in spite of the commination service, delivered by the mole starter in his best style, she utterly declines to join her horses.



At last in despair Lord Marky takes the perverse one in hand himself - but it is No Go! (we're all on to a Man)



Best thing of the day, dear old Chappie - Happy Eliza filly - just been told by her owner - Sure to win!

The filly's behaviour on her way to the post does not inspire her backers with confidence



I say old man, just look at your mare!

Lord Marky what a waste!



Come, move on!



The "Happy Eliza" filly is made a red hot favourite for the "Two Year old Plate".

And finally The Happy Eliza filly is Left at the Post.

London: Published October 20th 1887 by Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.

"A REAL GOOD THING"

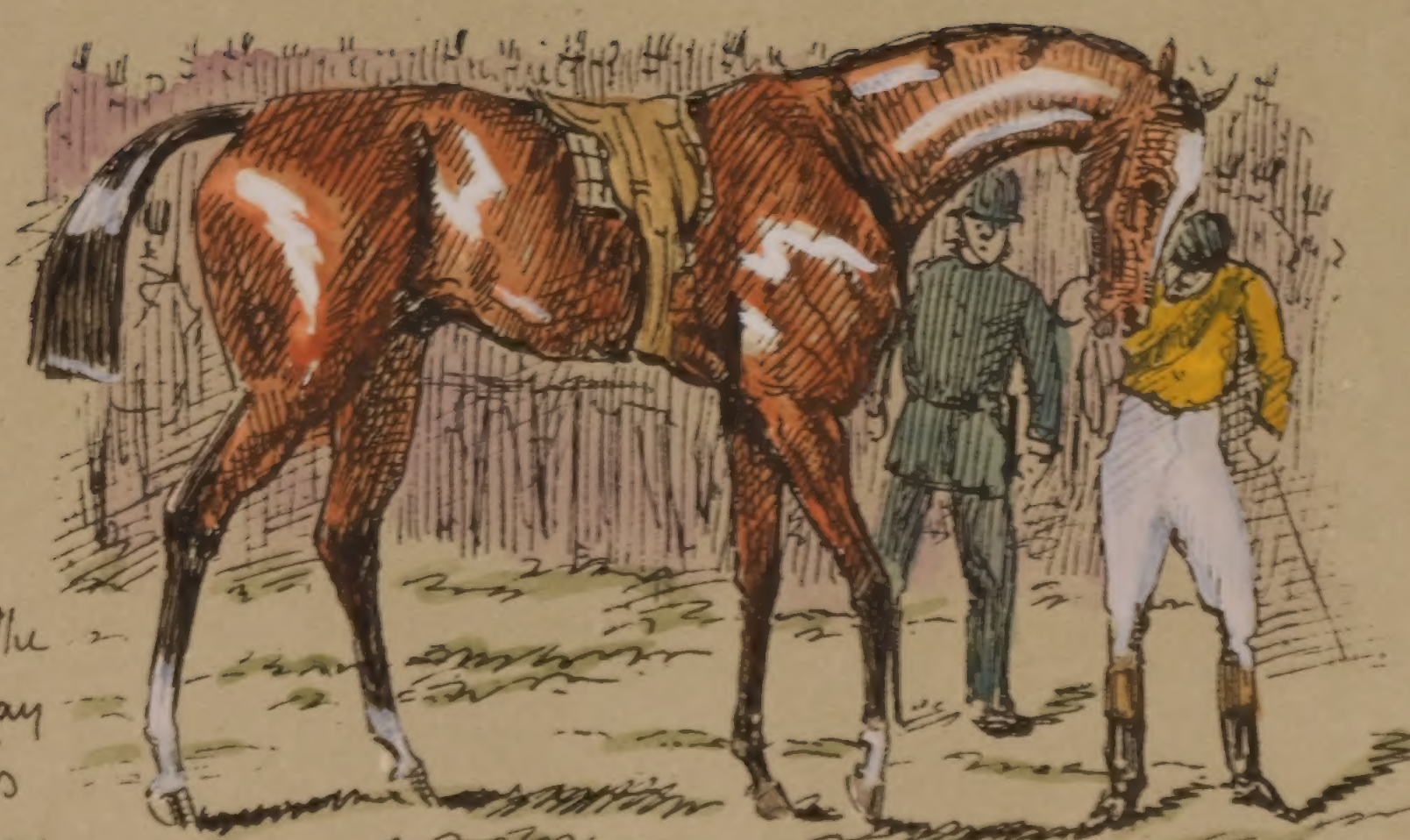


Sold Again!

Mr. Flat (jocularly) Ha, ha! Backed your horse that time old fellow!

Mr. Sharp (also jocularly) Sorry to hear that dear boy, for as it happens, I'm in the Forfeit list, and they've objected to him.

(collapse of Mr. Flat)



To the dismay of his Backers, The Favourite broke down in the preliminary canter.



Scene. Smoking Room of the Swithmore Club. "Young Spoonable reads) Hallo! What's this Tom Tit scolded for the Stakes! and hang it! I only backed the brute yesterday." (calls frantically for another B & S.)



The Favourite as he appeared cutting it when called upon.



Smith & Wain

These two runners are the property of that well known Anglo-French sportsman the Count de Trouville - he declares to win with the white-faced chestnut, who immediately is made a strong favourite, by the too confiding British Public -



Portrait of the Count.



The Count's outsider (as usual) wins in a canter.



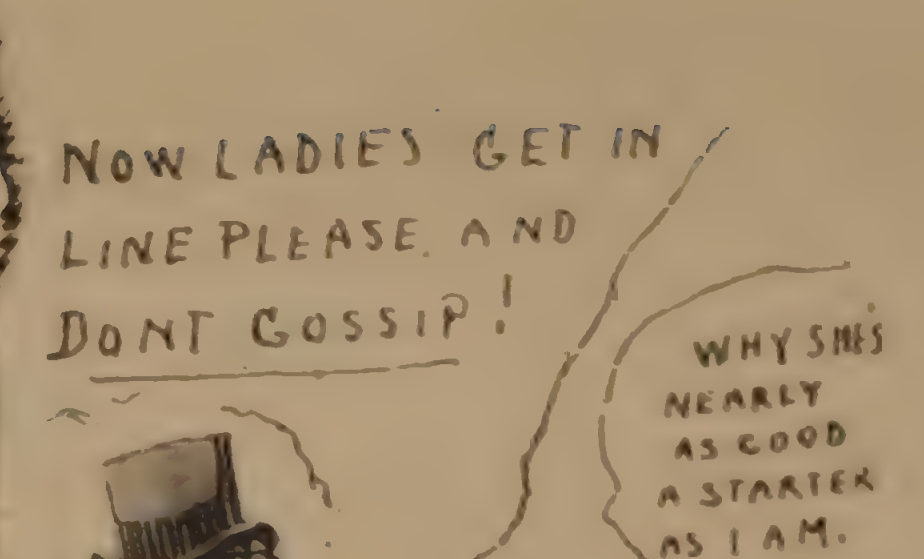
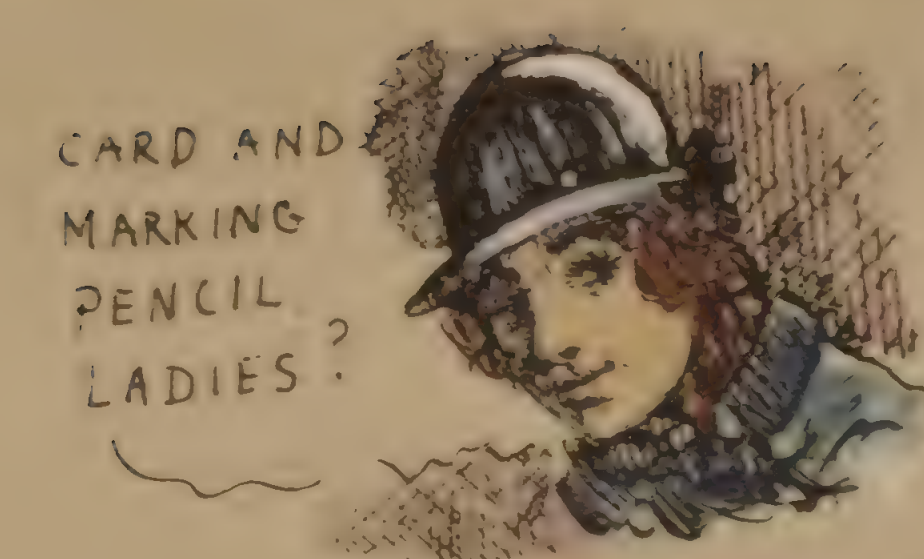
And

There is such a jolly Row!

The favourite is here depicted being escorted back to scale, by members of the "Fancy" in the emblem of the Count.

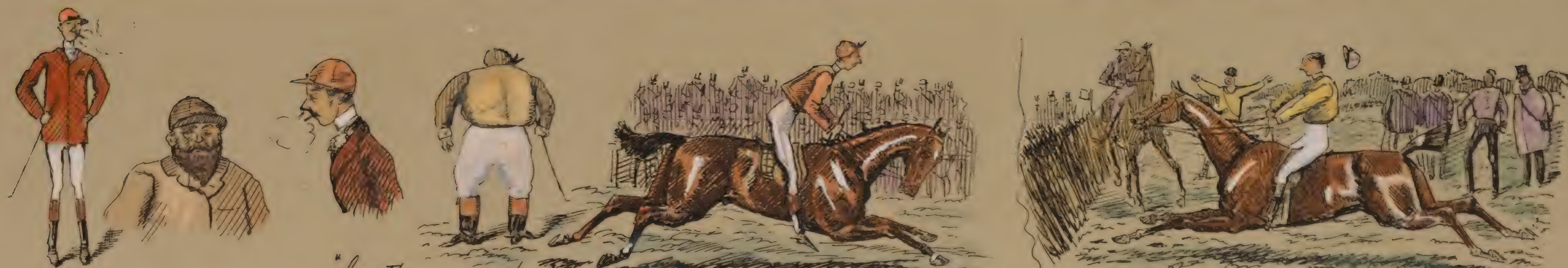
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BACKER STOPPERS.



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THE OAKS AS IT OUGHT TO BE.



"Gentlemen Jockeys" - really almost like professionals - (Some of 'em ride a trifle wild though -) don't they?



What a great man is Capt. Prancer as he makes his appearance in front of the Grand Stand! Miss Meagrim pronounces him painfully handsome. (This is whilst pretty little Miss Gusher compares him to one of Ovid's heroes.)

Alas for human Greatness! When the gallant Prancer gets a fall at the Brook, he is compared by the unfeeling ladies, one and all, to a "Drowned Rat". His only consoler being Paddy O'Rafferty, the card seller, who says: "Never mind son; accidents will happen in the best regulated families; let poor old Paddy wipe the mud off yer honour."

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GENTLEMEN RIDERS.



Light-hearted Undergraduate (by) I say Tommy, here's a lark! Let's gallop as hard as we can split past the old Buffalo ahead of us, and frighten his pony.



For Evans sake, young gent, mind what you're about! for the old Buffalo as you call him is none other than Sir Benjamin Blackcap - one of her Majesty's Judges, and a most particular man.



Another of the "Devils Own" (on his favourite Hackney "Home Rule")



A distinguished Member of The Jockey Club, and the most popular man on the Heath.

Jack Ham



Mat.



Now comes Archer on one of Mr. Mantons - and a fine performer he is too, says Sir John, and he ought to know.

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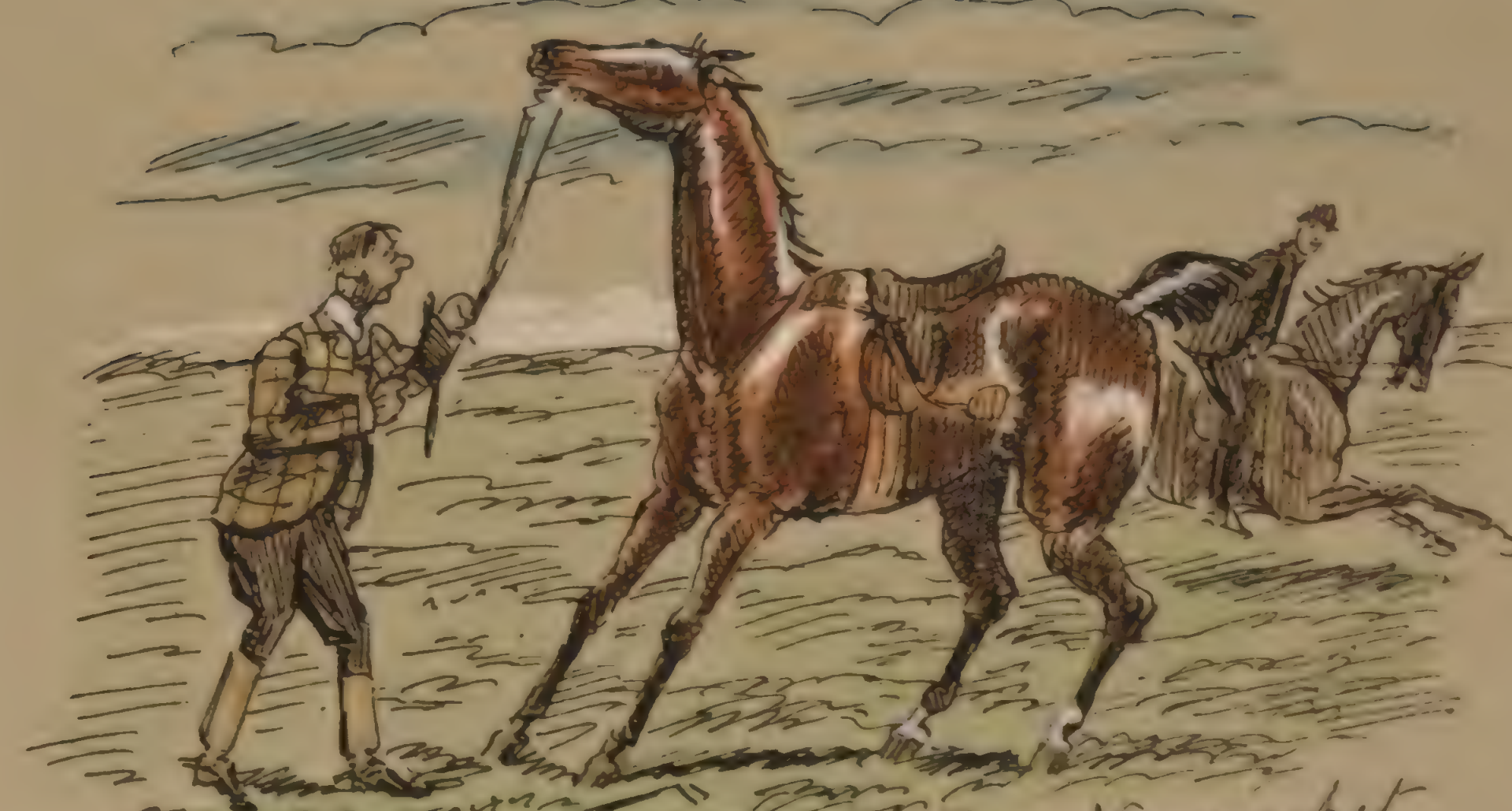
NEWMARKET NOTES - N^o 1.



And here Miss "Baby" Bumpkin
come to see the fun.



The Favourite's to be saddled behind
the Ditch -

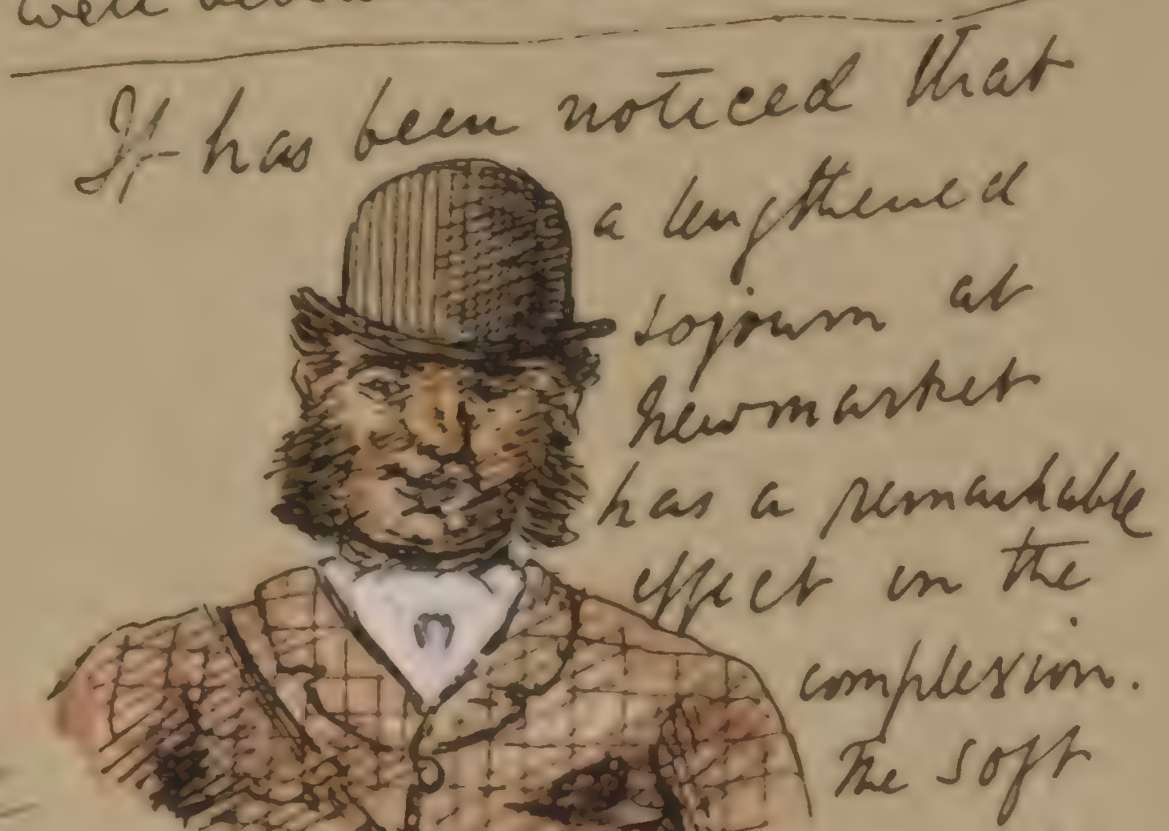


A Hack is very essential at Newmarket
especially a well behaved one



Distance lends enchantment
to the view.

A knocked out Backer, viewing
the races from afar.



It has been noticed that
a lengthened
sopor at
Newmarket
has a remarkable
effect on the
complexion.
The soft

Moss Rose tones quickly
giving way to a fine
Beetroot or Boiled Beef hue.

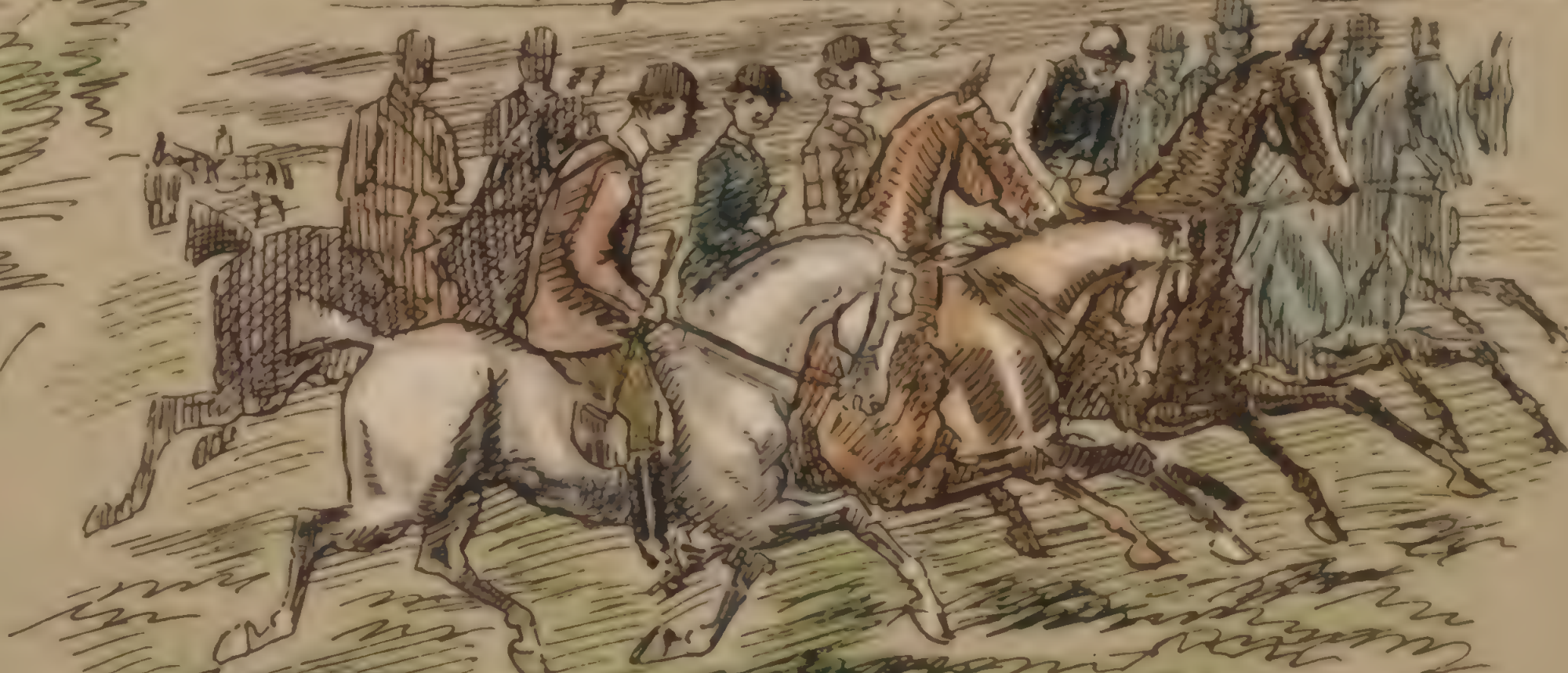
Rude, vulgar people are apt
to attribute the cause to Whiskey
but it is not so - we have it on the
authority of the natives that the Fine air is solely
responsible.



Oh W. Moonface
you are so clever!
Would you look over
my Cambridgeshire Book
for me, and tell me how
I stand?

Scene - Newmarket. Time 7 AM

Painfully robust party to friend from
Town (boy) There, if this
don't give you an appetite for
breakfast, old boy; I don't know
what will.



The favourite going to the Post

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A RED COAT RACE.



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JOHN OSBORNE WINS!



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GRAND NATIONAL RECOLLECTIONS.



THE ELDERLY OBSTRUCTIONIST [PROBABLY AN IRISHMAN] WHO WILL PERSIST IN OCCUPYING THE COURSE, AFTER IT HAS BEEN CLEARED.



A WALK OVER.



THE JULY WEEK
BY JOVE, HOW HOT IT IS!



THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE DITTO.
HANG THE RAIN!



LEVIATHAN BOOKY (LOV) WOT DO I THINK O' THIS SYSTEM O' YOURN, MUSTER FLAT? WY I CAN ONLY SEE ONE FAULT IN IT, WHICH IS THIS HERE - YOU'LL BRÄÄK THE RING, SIR, YOU'LL BRÄÄK THERING!



A PAIR OF BLACKLEGS.



THE RESULT OF THE SYSTEM.

"INEXPERIENCED TURFITE [Log] . A STIFF 'UN! WHY HE MOVES BEAUTIFULLY AND GOES AS SOUND AS A BELL .

"EXPERIENCED DITTO". AH, I AM AFRAID YOU DONT QUITE CATCH MY MEANING.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

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ODDS AND ENDS



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A RATTLING FINISH.



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CROSS COUNTRY NOTES.

OUR VERY OLD
FRIEND WHO
HAS "NEVER MISSED
A DERBY," SIR,
SINCE PLENIPO'S
YEAR IN '34

HAA! THEY
DONT BREED
PLENIPO'S,
NOWADAYS SIR



DONT CARE A RAP
FOR THE
RACING,
BUT MAKE A
POINT OF ALWAYS
COMING TO
THE DERBY
FOR ITS ENGLISH
- QUITE ENGLISH -
YOU KNOW.



OUR CHEERY FRIEND

TOOLED THE WEGIMENTAL
DWAG OVER FROM ALDERSHOT
AND YOU'LL FIND US ON THE
HILL WITH ANY AMOUNT OF
DWINK ON BOARD.



OUR MILITARY FRIEND

HA HA! I THOUGHT I
SHOULD RUN YOU TO GROUND
IN THE PADDOCK. WHAT!
WELL, AND, HOW
ARE YOU? EH?



OUR HEARTY FRIEND.
(FROM THE COUNTRY)

OUR MFH
IS THERE AS A
MATTER OF COURSE



OUR OWN PET
PARSON [UP
FOR THE MAY
MEETINGS]

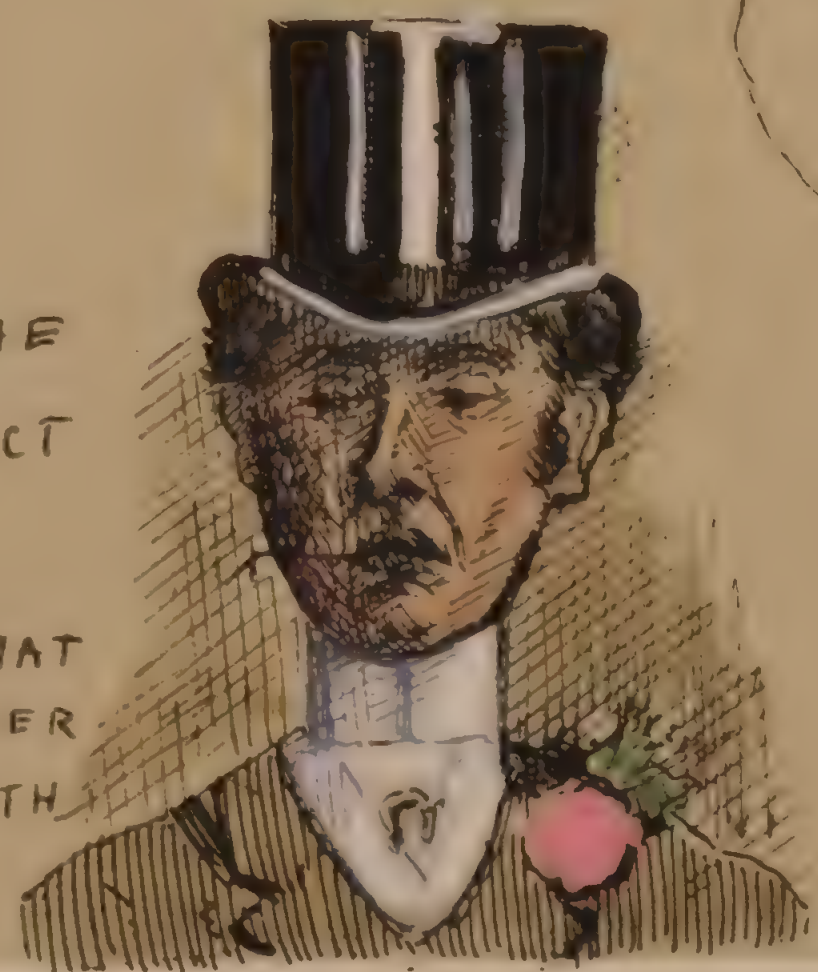
NEARLY AS GOOD
IN THE PULPIT AS
HE IS IN THE
"PIGSKIN" AND
A FIRST CLASS
JUDGE OF A GLASS
OF PORT WINE
AND A HORSE - HE
ALSO KNOWS A PRETTY
WOMAN WHEN HE
SEES ONE



YOUNG GANDER.

HE IS OF OPINION, THAT THE
FAVOURITE AINT FIT - IN FACT
WONT DO, OLD CHAPPIE.

(HAVING FORGOTTEN MORE THAN "MAT
DANSON, JOHN PORTER & CO. EVER
KNEW, HE IS OF COURSE WORTH
LISTENING TO.)



ALL RIGHT MY DEAR
BOY, THERES PLENTY
OF TIME.



COME ON UNCLE CHARLES,
HERES THE FAVOURITE!

THIS IS PROFESSOR
LIMPITS FIRST
VISIT TO THE
DERBY.
HE IS UNDER THE
IMPRESSION THAT THE
GREAT RACE IS A
HANDICAP



LITTLE MRS LOVIBOND

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A FEW FRIENDS IN THE PADDOCK.



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NOTES BY THE WAY



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MORE HASTE—LESS SPEED.



IF the
Grey hadn't
bolted



and made all the running when he
ought to have waited



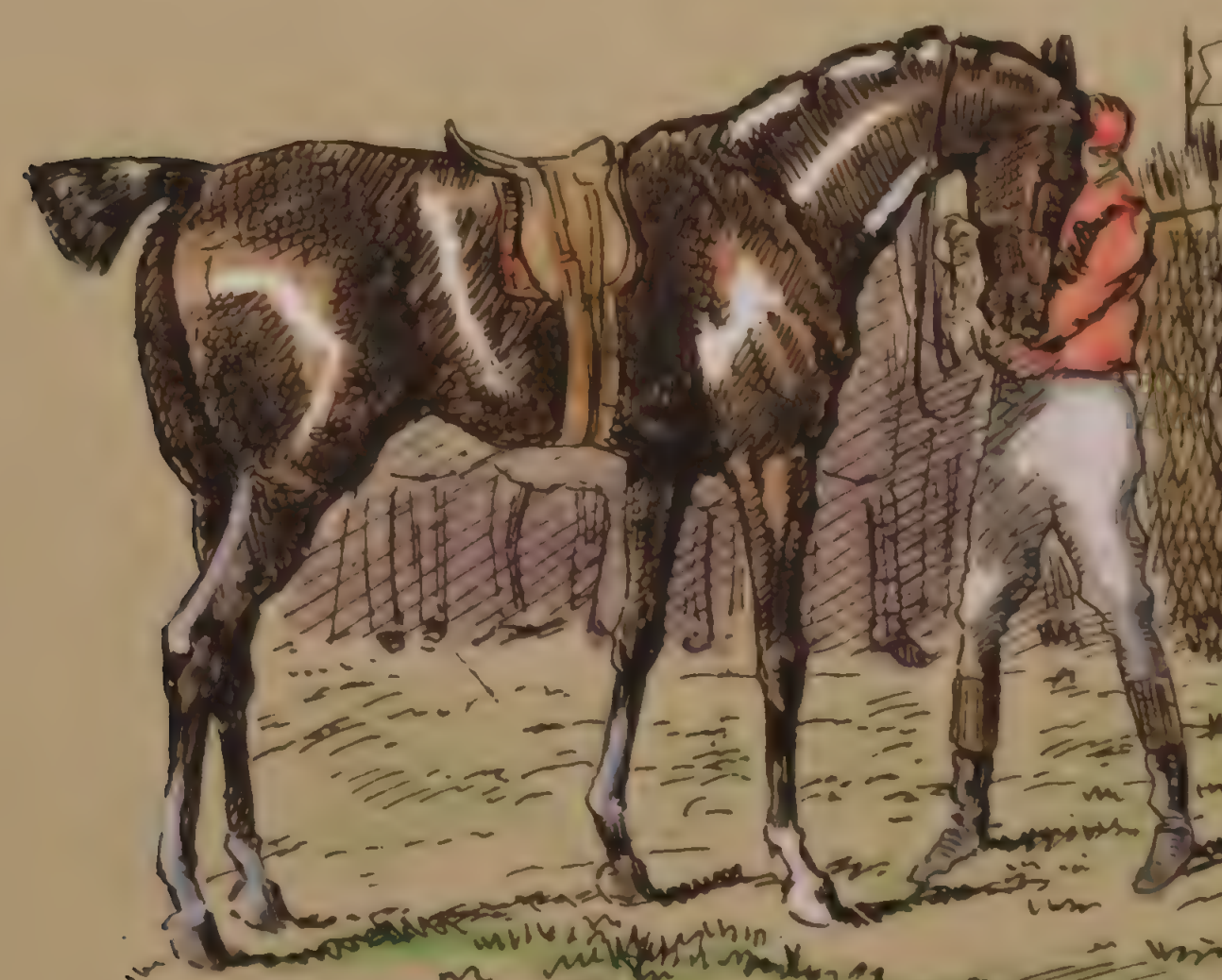
and in consequence galloped himself to a
standstill - he must have Won.



IF the bay mare hadn't been
cannoned against and upset,
she could n't have lost, bless you!



IF the old
horse hadn't
refused the
second fence
he would have
Won in the commonest of canterers



IF his
bridle hadn't
come off, the
little Cockburn
'Oss would
have simply
walked in

IF the favourite had only
stood up, - which she didn't -
they'd have never seen the
way she went!

In this
case, the
favourite
really would
have won
IF his jockey
had n't hit him
with his whip at
the critical moment
and made him
swerve



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"JUST SO"

UNIFORM WITH "JIT BITS OF THE TURF" IN SIZE, NUMBER OF PLATES & PRICE,

IS



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by
Finch Mason's
W. H.

